

j'm'en calice by mvrcredi

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Summary:

Richie and Eddie are forced to come together as partners in order to solve a case considered cold twenty-seven years prior. The only problem, of course, is the question of whose jurisdiction included the severed limbs and half-eaten corpses left on the Québec-Ontario border.

(*TRANSLATIONS ARE IN SECOND CHAPTER*)

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

just wanna make note that instead of becoming friends they fall in love. naturally.

and woah?? a second french richie fic in a row?? my bad.

Eddie has to withhold an eye roll the moment *he* shows up. While he tries not to hold a grudge against anyone he doesn't know, and while he tries not to hold prejudice against the Québec police, Detective Richard Tozier is the reason they're not exactly his *favourite* people.

Eddie attempts at being nice, after watching a brief stint between the detective and his colleagues over the two hour drive, but Eddie's "*enchanté*" is met with, "*Hé les gars, on est tombé sur quelqu'un qui parle le 'française'!*"

Tozier elbows him, before promptly pulling out a cigarette to light. It hangs from his lips as he asks, "So what do we have?"

"Well, what we have is a bunch of mismatched limbs and half-eaten corpses, that also just so happen to sit on the border, so. *Voilà*," Eddie explains. While he had been doing this job for several years, and had grown accustomed to most of the gore he witnessed, absolutely nothing could have prepared him for what he had seen today. Some maniac had gone and dumped random limbs and partial corpses of children right outside the sewage drain on the side of the highway. Better yet, there were no leads so far. So, in fact, there was still a maniac somewhere out there producing these half-corpses and severed limbs. Eddie was not looking forward to investigating this case.

Tozier assess the scene. "Looks like the majority are on your side, so have a good day." He pauses, and calls back to Eddie's colleagues, "*Bonne chance, les boys!*"

Eddie reaches out and grabs the detective's arm, pulling him back

with perhaps a little bit too much force. Not that he cared.

“If you would take a second look and see you have the higher body count,” Eddie says pointedly, “you would understand that having the better chance of identification and moving along this investigation overrules the ‘majority’.”

Tozier shakes his head. “*Non, uh. J’suis sûr que c’est à toi. Donc*, like I said. *Bonne chance.*”

Eddie sighs. “Fine. We’ll take care of it. Someone get me gloves.”

Detective Tozier narrows his eyes, before snubbing out his cigarette on the cement. “*Des gants!*” He orders. Eddie counts it as a victory, albeit a small one. He just hopes the investigation won’t take too long—the last thing he wants to do is deal with Richard for several months.

Eddie takes the gloves and his camera, dropping down into the ditch. He begins taking photos, careful to avoid moving anything. When Tozier drops down into the ditch, and immediately goes to turn over one of the face-down bodies, Eddie hisses, “Don’t fucking touch anything!”

The detective looks at him and rolls his eyes. “*Prends tes photos. Sure. Fucking connard. Je pense qu’y a quelque chose dans son cul, les gars!*” He turns around and shouts, and Eddie can hear Tozier’s colleagues laughing at the comment. Eddie grumbles a few expletives as he finishes taking photos. Something told him this investigation would be the most painful thing Eddie would ever experience. He was most definitely *not* a fan of Detective Richard Tozier.

Eddie checks his watch for the fifth time in the last fifteen minutes. Detective Tozier was late, and Eddie was getting impatient. The last thing he wanted to do was spend more time than what was necessary with the detective. He was an asshole—and it hadn't taken much to come to that conclusion.

When he finally walks in, coffee in hand, Eddie shakes his head to himself. Tozier stops in his tracks upon noticing Eddie, and turns to his chief. *“Pourquoi la tête carrée est-il ici?”*

Tozier's chief inhales. *“Pis, Richie, vous connaissez Détective Kaspbrak. Voici c'est le chef de Sûreté de l'Ontario, Mike Hanlon.”*

“Good morning, gentlemen,” Chief Hanlon smiles kindly.

Tozier hums. “Yeah, okay. *Je peux savoir pourquoi vous m'avez besoin à cette heure-là du matin?”*

Tozier's chief sighs. “Mike?”

Mike shakes his head. “It's your jurisdiction.”

“I insist.”

“No, really—“

“Peut-on seulement expliquer pourquoi nous sommes ici?” Eddie says.

Tozier turns and blinks at Eddie. *“Tu parles le français, toi?”*

Eddie nods, maintaining a straight face. *“Oui. J'ai fait quelques études en français, puis j'ai vécu en France pendant une année.”*

“Ah. C'est ça pourquoi t'es chiant, là,” Richard grins. Eddie rolls his eyes, and Chief Hanlon clears his throat.

“We would just like to inform you that, after some research, a similar-fact evidence case has been found from twenty-seven years ago. Same lack of pattern, lack of motive. We're still unsure as to whether the murderer is Québécois or not. That'll be your job to try and find out,” Chief Hanlon explains. Eddie waits for the word that would ruin his day, setting the worst in stone. “That, and working

together is always good for the reputation.”

“Dans autres mots, vous agirez en tant que...partenaires.”

Ah. There was that word. *Partners*.

Without anything to add, Eddie nods, then promptly leaves. His fate was settled. He just needed to maybe go cry for a bit. He hears a bit of shouting as he leaves, soon followed by Tozier storming out of the room. It doesn't take much for him to catch up to Eddie—he has a decent amount of height and leg on him.

“I can not believe...fucking osti de calice de tabarnak! Il n’a aucune—quoi tu regardes?” Tozier snaps.

Eddie shrugs. “No point in complaining. We get the work done faster, the less time we spend with each other. *Tu comprends?*”

The detective scoffs. *“Ouais, j’comprends. J’suis pas un enfant, là.”*

“Yeah, sure seems that way.” Eddie rolls his eyes. “Regardless, it’s best we finish as soon as possible. Whether or not you choose to be an asshole, I’m sure the victims’ families would like some closure. That, and I don’t think it’s in anyone’s best interest to have a serial killer on the loose.”

“Ben. The asshole comment? Ça t’applique aussi, hein?” Tozier winks before shouldering past Eddie. He was probably off to smoke. It wouldn’t surprise Eddie in the least.

Instead of concerning himself with the detective, Eddie sets off to work.

So far, from what Eddie managed to dig up, he was pretty disgusted. Twenty-seven years ago, a case with almost *identical* details had occurred, but had eventually gone cold. There was hardly any more evidence than proof of cannibalistic activities, as well as some drowning victims. In addition, bodies and body parts were always found near sewage drains, usually beside highways or on the outskirts of towns. Thankfully, however, with this recurring case, they were able to make some links.

Eddie slams a file folder to Detective Tozier's chest as he chats with a coworker.

"Henry Bowers," Eddie states. Richard glances between him and the other officer, before taking the folder in his hands. The officer takes off.

"*C'est qui, Henry Bowers?*" Tozier asks.

"The only lead we have. C'mon. *Je vais t'expliquer dans la voiture.*" Eddie gestures towards the door. Tozier sighs, and starts on his way. Eddie follows suit, briefing him on Bowers while on their way to the car.

"He's the only person we've managed to link to any of the victims, both from the 1989 case, as well as this one. He'd been found near the site of George Denbrough's corpse. He's the younger brother of Bill Den—"

"*Comme l'auteur?*" Richie cuts in.

Eddie sighs. "Yes, like the author. Anyways, Bowers was institutionalized soon after but was released in 2012. We have reason to believe he had connections to one of the identified victims, Victoria Fuller, as he'd been spotted near her school and home just a few days before, but there was no evidence linking him specifically to the scene at the border. Regardless, that's where I suggest we start."

Tozier nods. "*Ça a du sens. Tu sais où on peut le trouver?*"

"I received a tip saying he frequented a bar somewhere near the provincial border. *Dans ta juridiction,*" Eddie tells him.

“Okay. *Parce que c’est à moi, j’ai deux règles,*” Tozier pauses. “One, *j’suis en charge au Québec. Les batailles, les chasses en auto. Deux, m’appelles Richie. Richard n’est pas cool. Même ‘Edward’. J’t’appelle Eddie. T’as pas le choix. Bon? Bon.*”

“What, so that leaves me with nothing?” Eddie scoffs.

Richie hums. “*Oui. Pretty much.*”

“Okay, well, if you end up getting into a number of fights your implying, I hope you look back on this moment and regret any words that may come out of your mouth ever,” Eddie says. He clenches his jaw as they pull into the parking lot of a shoddy bar and... motel?

Richie puts the car in park and turns off the engine. Eddie turns to Richie, who was already reaching for a cigarette. “I’ll go in first, see if Bowers is in there. Survey the scene. Wait out here for ten, fifteen. Got that?”

Richie rolls his eyes. “I get the drill, yes? *J’ai passé le test de police aussi, non?*”

“But are the tests equal?” Eddie raises a brow. He shoots Richie a toothy grin before slipping out of the car. He pulls out his badge on his way.

Richie shouts after him, “*Hé, woah. Pas de badge là. Surtout une badge de l’Ontario. T’es fou là?*”

Unfortunately, after a moment of thought, he figures Richie does make a good point. Eddie puts his badge away, flipping Richie off as he heads inside.

The bar itself seems typical. Pool table, sketchy lighting, locals already drunk despite it not even being 3pm. Seemed about right. Eddie sidles up to the bar, immediately grabbing the attention of the bartender as there was currently a lack of new customers to serve.

“*Salut, beau noir,*” the bartender greets, asweet, catlike smile on her lips. “*Qu’est-ce que je peux te servir?*”

Eddie smiles back. “*Un ginger ale, s’il vous plaît.*”

The bartender winks. *“Un ginger ale. Un peu de glace aussi?”*

“Non, merci.” Eddie shakes his head. When the bartender returns with his drink, he asks, *“Excuse—je cherche quelqu’un qui s’appelle Bowers. Ça vous dit quelque chose?”*

She thinks for a moment. Her expression indicates that no, she doesn’t, so Eddie clarifies, *“Henry Bowers? Vous lui connaissez?”*

Her face lights up in recognition. *“Ah, Henry! T’es chanceux, parce qu’il est justement là.”* She points to a man who had been playing pool when Eddie had walked in. He was now moving towards the bar.

Eddie nods in acknowledgement to the bartender, turning to watch Bowers’ movements. Henry drops himself down at the end of the bar, demanding beer from the bartender, who, by the sounds of it, is named Beverly. She gets Henry two bottles with the motions of someone who has gone through this many times before. She circles around to Eddie once more, leaning in as to say something, when Bowers butts in.

“Nous savons que t’es une guidoune, Bev, mais ça veut pas dire que tu dois flirter avec n’importe quel qui respire.” Eddie snaps his attention to Bowers, who is laughing as he takes a sip of his beer. His fellow bargoers are laughing along with him, and Beverly looks close to punching him. Richie obviously chooses this moment to walk in.

“Un peu de respect pour la femme, non?” Eddie retorts. *“Et moi, ça te ne concerne pas.”*

Bowers tilts his head back and downs the rest of his beer. *“Oui? Ben tu viens d’où, toi?”*

“Toronto,” Eddie replies. He could already sense where this was going, considering Bowers’s tone. Perhaps it had been a good thing for Richie to have walked in at that time.

Bowers nods. *“Makes sense,”* he says. *“Peut-être c’est ça la raison pour laquelle j’aime pas ta face. Que c’est toi calices icitte?”*

Eddie smiles. *“Un sondage. J’ai quelques questions pour toi.”*

He stands, reaching into his coat for his badge as he approaches Bowers. He holds it out, saying, *“Tu sais quelque chose de Victoria Fuller?”*

As Eddie finishes his question, Henry slaps the badge from Eddie’s hand with panic. *Perfect.* That was just the reaction Eddie wanted. A panicked reaction meant a guilty mind. However, what Eddie hadn’t wanted, was for Bowers to reach for him.

Eddie grabs Henry’s arm and manoeuvres it behind his back and gets him to his knees. He cries out in pain, and Eddie repeats, forcefully, *“Je te repose la question. Connais-tu quelque chose de Victoria Fuller?”*

Bowers is strong and bigger than Eddie so the latter is struggling a bit, but when he catches Richie’s eye and notices a bit hesitance, he yells, *“Ça va!”* before Richie does anything. Richie shrugs, and returns to pool.

Unfortunately, Eddie had been too distracted in shouting at Richie that Bowers was able to wriggle loose and land a punch to his dick. Eddie falls backwards into the bar, and Bowers takes it as an advantage to grab his throat.

There’s a bit of back-and-forth from there, neither quite on top of things as either might hope to be. Eddie hears a few crashes, a scream, and gets a glass smashed on his head before he’s finally yelling for help from Richie, as Bowers had finally secured the upper hand.

“Tozier! Help! Please!” Eddie attempts to push back on Bowers, but to no avail. *“Do something!”*

“Y a quelqu’un qui parle anglais?” Richie jokes. Eddie is still struggling. Richie continues, *“Parce que je pense que le gars avec la face mauve, il essaie de me dire quelque chose.”*

The other men laugh, and Eddie is still losing this battle, so he resorts to crying out in French. Then, and only then, does Richie agreed to help out. Eddie figures he’s stopped, however, as the sounds of a second fight breaking out are evident. It is also evident that Richie is able to overtake the others as soon enough, an eight ball hits the

back of Bowers's head, and Eddie is able to get back a handle on the situation.

Richie grabs his handcuffs and assures Eddie, "*C'est correct, je m'en occupe.*" Which, to be frank, Eddie did not think was a good idea. He vocalizes this and Richie only refers to his first rule. Which was the wrong thing to do, obviously. Eddie can't say he was too upset when Henry elbowed Richie in the gut, then proceeded to tackle him.

Eddie moves back to the bar while Richie grapples with Bowers. He asks Beverly, "*Est-ce qu'Henry semblait nerveux, ces derniers jours?*"

Beverly shrugs. "*Pas plus que d'habitude. Un autre ginger ale?*"

"*S'il vous plaît.*" Eddie smiles. He also hands her his card. "*C'est ma carte, s'il y—*"

"*Eddie, aide-moi!*" Richie shouts from under Bowers.

Eddie calls back to him, "Sorry, I can't understand you!"

"Fuck you!"

"Right language, wrong words!"

Eddie can hear the strain in Richie's voice when he cries out, "Eddie, *please help me!*"

Eddie decides to be merciful. He excuses himself from the bar, before pulling out his gun and holding it to Bowers's head, threatening him to release Richie. It isn't long after that that they are able to get him in handcuffs and out to the car. While Eddie, completely sane, had the idea of going through the notions of a proper arrest procedure, Richie, completely and utterly recklessly, decides to throw Henry in the trunk.

"What the fuck are you doing, dickwad? Now, I don't know if they teach you the proper fucking procedures in Québec or not, but that's not how you handle a suspect! Are you *insane?*" Eddie scolds. "Maybe it's 'cause you're French, I dunno, but either way. You. Can't. Do. This."

He pushes Richie off to punctuate his point, but right as he is about to pull Bowers out from the trunk, Bowers decides it's in his best interest to spit on Eddie. Eddie drops him back into the trunk, taking his handkerchief to wipe the spit off. Richie is grinning at him.

"C'est quoi la procédure dans ce temps-là?" He quips.

Eddie shrugs. "Not sure. *C'est ta juridiction.*"

"Merci," Richie nods. Then, amongst a lot of swearing, punches, and bringing the lid of the trunk down on Bowers several times, Richie is successful in stuffing him into the back of the car.

They step back a moment, Richie likely admiring his work. Eddie turns to him. "What now?"

Richie looks about a second away from making a joke before he pauses, eyes widening in some sort of realization. *"Tabarnak, Stanley!"* He curses, sliding into the driver's side and starting up the engine. Eddie gets in before Richie can pull away without him.

"Who's Stanley?"

Richie worries his lip, checking his rearview mirror, then the radio's clock. *"C'était mon job de lui ramasser de l'aéroport."*

Eddie furrows his brows. "Hey, woah. We can't just take a detour! There's a suspect in the car! In the trunk! Are you *insane?*"

"I think you know the answer to that one," Richie grins, before speeding up. Eddie wouldn't be surprised if he died today.

“C’est plus qu’une demi-heure que j’attends, Richie! Mon dieu, c’est pas assez difficile d’être à l’heure!”

Eddie stands awkwardly to the side as Richie and his friend argue. Stanley had been kind to Eddie for as long as they spoke, before absolutely ripping into Richie for his poor punctuality. Eddie would be lying if he said he felt bad for his partner, even in the slightest.

Stanley takes a breath, and finally they are on their way back to the car. Richie is quick to object to putting Stan’s suitcase in the trunk. He and Eddie make up some bullshit excuse, and Stanley agrees albeit confusedly.

The drive is relatively normal. Or, might Eddie say, *Richie* was being a relatively normal person. While he would toss the occasional insult to Stan, Stanley would send one right back. They also discussed his trip, something about birds, and his wife, Patty. Eddie was silent for most of the ride.

Stan is dropped off without a hitch, but when they arrive at the station and open the trunk, Eddie and Richie discover it to be empty. They had somehow managed to lose its occupant. And now they had no idea where Bowers could be.

Richie kicks the bumper, then lights a cigarette. *“Nous faisons quoi, maintenant?”*

Eddie shakes his head, shrugs his shoulders. “No idea. We should probably look more into him and see if we can get, I don’t know. Maybe an address? Fucking *fuck!* We’re screwed if we can’t find him, Richie. You know that, right?”

Richie nods solemnly. *“Pis il a aussi brisé mon char. Il a calissé le verrou. Ça marche pas encore.”*

“How do you care more about your trunk’s lock than the fact that he escaped?”

“Parce que mon char est déjà une pièce de merde!” Richie exclaims.

“Exactly!” Eddie screams. He takes a deep breath. “Alright. Okay. I say that if anyone asks, he wasn’t there. He wasn’t there, but we’re

looking into another possible whereabouts. Sound good?”

Richie exhales smoke, then stubs out his cigarette with his shoe. He seems to be contemplating their options. Finally, he shrugs. “*I suppose.*”

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They do, luckily, land upon some information. Bowers had checked himself into a motel near the airport, so Eddie and Richie successfully obtain a tele-warrant, and head out.

Richie ends up searching the perimeters, whilst Eddie enters Bowers’s room—though he’s nowhere to be found.

He checks the room itself, the closet, but there’s no evidence of his presence. Eddie wanders into the bathroom, and that’s when the door shuts. Bowers stands, grinning. Eddie notices the flash of a blade in his hand. Eddie’s hand moves to his gun.

“Don’t make this more difficult than it has to be, Henry,” Eddie says slowly. Henry simply transfers the blade from one hand to another.

Bowers tilts his head. “*Et pourquoi pas?*”

In a flash of movement too fast for Eddie, Henry has managed to imbed the knife in Eddie’s cheek.

Then, Bowers is laughing maniacally. Eddie’s in a bit of shock, eyes wide, hands unsure of what to do. He backs himself into the shower, and closes the curtain slowly as Bowers laughs.

Henry goes silent. “*Je veux le couteau, M. Toronto.*”

Footsteps approaching, Eddie panics and pulls the knife from his face before stabbing Bowers from through the curtain. When he's certain Henry is incapacitated to an extent, he rushes out from the shower and narrowly avoids Bowers to get to the door.

Eddie runs outside, shutting the door behind him. "*Richie! Richie!*"

Richie comes running from around the corner. "*Oui—oh. T'as, euh. T'as quelque chose sur la—*"

"I know, you fucking idiot! Bowers stabbed me in the fucking... he's in the bathroom," Eddie says breathlessly. In a moment, Richie's gun is out and he's gone inside the motel room, where Henry has obviously recovered some.

Eddie is pretty certain a fight ensues, but between the shock and failed attempt to locate a first aid kit, he can't say for sure. All he knows is that Richie comes out on top, as it isn't much longer before he's exiting the room, Bowers securely in cuffs.

Henry smiles, teeth now bloodied, as he spots Eddie. "*Je pense que la blessure te va.*"

Richie shoves him. "*Ferme ta gueule.*"

He pushes Bowers into the backseat of the car, slamming the door shut. He tells Eddie, "*Je vais voir s'il y a quelque chose au front pour ta face. Attends icitte.*"

Eddie agrees, and watches Richie walk towards the front office. He seemed... uncharacteristically angry, for whatever reason. Eddie chose to focus on Richie's odd behaviour rather than the blood steadily trickling down his face for the time being. And while he thought about it some more, there wasn't any logical reasoning Eddie could think of.

The thought train was cut short, however, by the pounding from inside the car. Bowers was throwing himself against the door—Eddie wasn't quite sure of his objective. Regardless, he storms over.

"*T'es fucking fini, Bowers,*" he growls. "*And Jesus Christ. It's twenty-sixteen. Who the fuck still has a mullet? Who told you that was a*

fucking good idea, huh? And while I'm at it—"

"Eds!" Richie calls out, jogging over. *"J'ai trouvé un bandage. Ça doit marcher à l'instant. Au moins, avant que le toton dans le char est en garde."*

"Toton?" Eddie questions, but Richie doesn't reply. Instead, a soft smile, before he hands Eddie the bandage. Well, that was... strange. He couldn't object to the help, though.

Eddie slides into the passenger side whilst Richie slips into the driver's, then they're driving back to the station—this time, Henry truly in their custody.

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"Alors, quoi d'autre est-ce qu'on a découvert?"

"Well," Eddie says, fingers mindlessly trailing over the bandage that was covering his new stitches, "Henry told us about a guy named Bob Gray? Bowers claims he was the one to actually eat and kill anyone. So, allegedly, this 'Bob Gray' is criminally responsible."

"Rien d'autre?" Richie asks.

Eddie shakes his head. "Not really. He did mention some house, though—twenty-nine Neibolt street, wherever that is."

"Le vingt-neuf Neibolt? C'est une maison un peu infameuse, là. Ça me surprise pas s'il y a un cannibale qui vit dedans," Richie says impassibly.

"And you didn't think to mention that before?" Eddie deadpans.

"Uh, how would I know? *La dernière fois qu'on est entré dans la maison*

était pour le marijuana,” Richie informs him. He pauses a moment, then swivels on his heel, set for the door.

Eddie runs after Richie, curse the man’s long legs. “Where do you think you’re going?”

Richie raises an eyebrow down at Eddie, still walking. “*Pour fumer? Quoi d’autre?*”

Eddie shrugs. “Nothing. I was just curious, though—y’know, about your genuine kindness towards me back at the motel.”

Richie hesitates for a second, causing Eddie to stumble and nearly run into him. “What? I’m not allowed to be nice? *Il t’a poignardé, ostie de colon. C’est sérieux ça, non?*”

“Yeah, but... *t’as toujours fait une blague de quelque chose,*” Eddie explains, rather sheepish.

Richie shifts his weight. “*Ce n’était pas un joke, là. Il aurait pu faire quelque chose de pire. J’étais inquiet quand tu m’as appelé,*” Richie admits quietly. He then laughs self-deprecatingly. “Could have got a new partner, though.”

Eddie shakes his head. “That’s what I mean. It seems impossible for you to be serious for two seconds. It’s like you have an allergy to being genuine.”

“*C’est dans ma nature,*” Richie jokes. He brings a cigarette up to his mouth, lighter following suit once his hands are no longer occupied. He takes a long drag, before turning his head to blow the smoke away from Eddie. “*J’peux pas l’aider.* My apologies.”

Eddie lets it go, just for now. They fall into a silence, both calculating the next steps they should be taking. They were one step closer to figuring out this whole mess. At this point, Eddie just wanted to go home and sleep until next week. And it wasn’t so much Richie that wore him out anymore. It was more the gruesome details and wild goose chase they’d been sent on just to find out who the killer was. Now, after so much effort and getting stabbed in the face, they finally had a name and address—a foreseeable end to this investigation and

Richie's improper procedures. They were on the homestretch.

Eddie sighs. "What do you say? We get a warrant, go in, arrest this Bob Gray guy, and be done with it?"

"*Quoi? Tu veux que je me décrisse?*" Richie pouts, bringing the cigarette to his lips for another drag. "Ouch, man."

Eddie snorts. "I'm sure that really cut deep. C'mon."

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Richie is already waiting for him by the time he arrives at the house. Upon seeing it, Eddie completely understands Richie's indifference at discovering it to be the possible residence of a serial cannibal—the house was about three thousand hazards and code violations in and of itself. Quite frankly, Eddie couldn't understand how the place was still standing, but alas.

Eddie steps out of his car, and approaches Richie. "You ready to finish this up? I don't think I can take much more of your dumb face."

Richie laughs. "Ah, but *t'aimes ma belle face. J'l'sais. Tu ne peux pas me tromper.*"

Eddie crosses his arms. He doesn't say anything, but Richie wasn't entirely wrong. Eddie wasn't really bothered by his company, nor his face anymore. In fact, he was kind of glad for it.

Richie nudges him. "*T'es prêt à attraper ce clown?*"

Eddie takes a deep breath through his nose. "*Ouais.* Let's do this."

The takedown itself is a whirlwind, taking less time than they had originally anticipated it might. They find Bob attempting to escape through a well in the basement (who designed this house?), but was unsuccessful. So, in light of this, instead he pulls out a gun on the detectives. A blur of a decent fight was put up. Eddie had gotten shot in the chest—which, thank god for bulletproof vests, despite the bruise he would gain regardless—and finally, Richie managed a few good shots on Gray as the man did not back down, and before either realized, it was all over. Bob died on the way to the hospital, and all disturbing and absolutely disgusting evidence was seized. Richie had said he'd go home to have a nice vomit before drinking himself to death as to forget the photos especially. Eddie couldn't help but agree.

"Tu devrais me rejoindre," Richie invites. His tone implied another intention, an undertone if he might, but Eddie wasn't certain.

Eddie blinks. "I don't drink."

Richie shrugs. *"D'accord.* You can be the responsible one."

"I—alright. *Allons-y,*" Eddie says. He decides, *screw it*, some extra time spent with Richie wouldn't kill him. Besides, they would no longer actively be searching for a killer—maybe Eddie might discover a side to Richie that didn't involve work.

Richie raises an eyebrow. *"Nous avons des rapports à faire? T'as oublié ton job ou quoi?"*

Eddie pauses. *"Shit de fuck de tabarnak.* Your influence, I swear. Maybe I shouldn't be spending any more time with you."

"You don't mean that." Richie frowns. He then grins. *"J'pense que j'suis une bonne influence."*

Eddie rolls his eyes, though his smile gives off an air of anything but annoyance. "The best, Richie. Truly."

2. dialogue translation

Notes for the Chapter:

Here are the translations for the story's dialogue, in case you were wondering what was going on. I simply felt adding translations into every sentence might take away from the story, so, here you go! A separate chapter!

- "*enchanté*" ; "nice to meet you"
- "*Hé les gars, on est tombé sur quelqu'un qui parle le 'française'!*" ; "Hey guys, we got someone who can spick de French!"
- "*Bonne chance, les boys!*" ; "Good luck, boys!"
- "*Non, uh. J'suis sûr que c'est à toi. Donc,* like I said. *Bonne chance.*" ; "No, uh. I'm sure it's yours. So, like I said. Good luck."
- "*Des gants!*" ; "Gloves!"
- "*Prends tes photos. Sure. Fucking connard. Je pense qu'y a quelque chose dans son cul, les gars!*" ; "Take your photos. Sure. Fucking idiot. I think there's something up his ass, guys!"

- *"Pourquoi la tête carée est-il ici?"* ; "Why is the squarehead here?"
- *"Pis, Richie, vous connaissez Détective Kaspbrak. Voici c'est le chef de Sûreté de l'Ontario, Mike Hanlon."* ; "Richie, you know Detective Kaspbrak. This is the chief of the OPP (**Ontario Provincial Police**), Mike Hanlon."
- *"Yeah, okay. Je peux savoir pourquoi vous m'avez besoin à cette heure-là du matin?"* ; "Yeah, okay. Can I know why you needed me this early?"
- *"Peut-on seulement expliquer pourquoi nous sommes ici?"* ; "Can we just explain why we're here?"
- *"Tu parles le français, toi?"* ; "You speak French?"
- *"Oui. J'ai fait quelques études en français, puis j'ai vécu en France pendant une année."* ; "Yes. I did some studies in French, then I lived in France for a year."
- *"Ah. C'est ça pourquoi t'es chiant, là."* ; "Ah. That's why you're annoying."
- *"Dans autres mots, vous agirez en tant que... partenaires."* ; "In other words, you will act as... partners."

- "I can not believe... fucking *osti de calice de tabarnak!* *Il n'a aucune - quoi tu regardes?*" ; "I can not believe... fucking fuck **(essentially, words like these are often strung together for expression, and not literal translation)**! He has no - what are you looking at?"
- "*Tu comprends?*" ; "You understand?"
- "*Ouais, j'comprends. J'suis pas un enfant, là.*" ; "Yeah, I understand. I'm not a child."
- "*Ben. The asshole comment? Ça t'applique aussi, hein?*" ; "Well. The asshole comment? It applies to you too, huh?"
-
- "*C'est qui, Henry Bowers?*" ; "Who's Henry Bowers?"
- "*Je vais t'expliquer dans la voiture.*" ; "I'll explain to you in the car."
- "*Comme l'auteur?*" ; "Like the author?"
- "*Ça a du sens. Tu said où on peut le trouver?*" ; "That makes sense. Do you know where we can find him?"

- *"Dans ta juridiction."* ; *"In your jurisdiction."*
- *"Okay. Parce que c'est à moi, j'ai deux règles."* ; *"Okay. Because it's mine, I have two rules."*
- *"One, j'suis en charge au Québec. Les batailles, les chasses en auto. Deux, m'appelles Richie. Richard n'est pas cool. Même 'Edward'. J'tappelle Eddie. T'as pas le choix. Bon? Bon."* ; *"One, I'm in charge in Quebec. Fights, car chases. Two, call me Richie. Richard isn't cool. Same with 'Edward'. I'm calling you Eddie. You don't have a choice. Good? Good."*
- *"I get the drill, yes? J'ai passé le test du police aussi, non?"* ; *"I get the drill, yes? I passed the policing test too, no?"*
- *"Hé, woah. Pas de badge là. Surtout une badge de l'Ontario. T'es fou là?"* ; *"Hey, woah. No badge. Especially an Ontario badge. Are you crazy?"*
- *"Salut, beau noir."* ; *"Hi, handsome."*
- *"Qu'est-ce que je peux te servir?"* ; *"What can I get you?"*
- *"Un ginger ale, s'il vous plaît."* ; *"A ginger ale, please."*

- *"Un ginger ale. Un peu de glace aussi?"* ; *"A ginger ale. A bit of ice too?"*
- *"Non, merci."* ; *"No, thank you."*
- *"Excuse - je cherche quelqu'un qui s'appelle Bowers. Ça vous dit quelque chose?"* ; *"Sorry - I'm looking for someone named Bowers. Does that mean anything to you?"*
- *"Henry Bowers? Vous lui connaissez?"* ; *"Henry Bowers? Do you know him?"*
- *"Ah, Henry! T'es chanceux, parce qu'il est justement là."* ; *"Ah, Henry! You're lucky, because he's right over there."*
- *"Nous savons que t'es une guidoune, Bev, mais ça veut pas dire que tu dois flirter avec n'importe quel qui respire."* ; *"We know you're easy, Bev, but that doesn't mean you have to flirt with anything that breathes."*
- *"Un peu de respect pour la femme, non?"* ; *"A bit of respect for the woman, no?"*
- *"Et moi, ça te ne concerne pas."* ; *"And me, that doesn't concern you."*
- *"Oui? Ben tu viens d'où, toi?"* ; *"Yes? Where are you from?"*

- *"Peut-être c'est ça la raison pour laquelle j'aime pas ta face. Que c'est toi calices icitte?"* ; "Maybe that's why I don't like your face. What the fuck are you doing here?"
- *"Un sondage. J'ai quelques questions pour toi."* ; "A survey. I have a few questions for you."
- *"Tu sais quelque chose de Victoria Fuller?"* ; "Do you know something about Victoria Fuller?"
- *"Je te repose la question. Connais-tu quelque chose de Victoria Fuller?"* ; "I'll ask you again. Do you know something about Victoria Fuller?"
- *"Ça va!"* ; "It's alright!"
- *"Y a quelqu'un qui parle anglais?"* ; "Is there someone who speaks English?"
- *"Parce que je pense que le gars avec la face mauve, il essaie de me dire quelque chose."* ; "Because I think the guy with the purple face is trying to tell me something."
- *"C'est correct, je m'en occupe."* ; "It's okay, I got it."

- *"Est-ce qu'Henry semblait nerveux ces derniers jours?" ; "Has Henry been nervous these past few days?"*
- *"Pas plus que d'habitude. Un autre ginger ale?" ; "No more than usual. Another ginger ale?"*
- *"S'il vous plaît. C'est ma carte, s'il y -" ; "Please. Here's my card if -"*
- *"Eddie, aide-moi!" ; "Eddie, help me!"*
- *"C'est quoi la procédure dans ce temps-là?" ; "What's the procedure this time?"*
- *"Not sure. C'est ta juridiction." ; "Not sure. It's your jurisdiction."*
- *"Tabarnak, Stanley!" ; "Fuck, Stanley!"*
- *"C'était mon job de lui ramasser de l'aéroport." ; "It was my job to pick him up from the airport."*
-
- *"C'est plus qu'une demi-heure que j'attends, Richie! Mon dieu, c'est pas assez difficile d'être à l'heure!" ; "I've been waiting for more*

than half an hour, Richie. My god, it's not that difficult to be on time!"

- "*Nous faisons quoi, maintenant?*" ; "What do we do now?"
- "*Pis il a aussi brisé mon char. Il a calissé le verrou. Ça marche pas encore.*" ; "He also broke my car. He fucked up the lock. It doesn't work anymore."
- "*Parce que mon char est déjà une pièce de merde!*" ; "Because my car is already a piece of shit!"
- "*J'suppose.*" ; "I suppose."
-
- "*Et pourquoi pas?*" ; "And why not?"
- "*Je veux le couteau, M. Toronto.*" ; "I want the knife, Mr. Toronto."
- "*Oui - oh. T'as, euh. T'as quelque chose sur la -*" ; "Yes - oh. You, uh. You have something on your -"
- "*Je pense que ta blessure te va.*" ; "I think your wound suits you."

- *"Ferme ta gueule."* ; "Shut up."
- *"Je vais voir s'il y a quelque chose au front pour ta face. Attends icitte."* ; "I'm going to see if there's something at the front for your face. Wait here."
- *"T'es fucking fini, Bowers."* ; "You're fucking done for, Bowers."
- *"J'ai trouvé un bandage. Ça doit marcher à l'instant. Au moins, avant que le totton dans le char est en garde."* ; "I found a bandage. It'll have to work for now. At least, before the boob (**idiot**) in the car is in custody."
-
- *"Alors, quoi d'autre est-ce qu'on a découvert?"* ; "What else have we discovered?"
- *"Rien d'autre?"* ; "Nothing else?"
- *"Le vingt-neuf Neibolt? C'est une maison un peu infameuse, là. Ça me surprise pas s'il y a un cannibale qui vit dedans."* ; "Twenty-nine Neibolt? That house is a bit infamous. It wouldn't surprise me if there's a cannibal living inside."

- "Uh, how would I know? *La dernière fois qu'on est entré dans la maison était pour le marijuana.*" ; "Uh, how would I know? The last time we went in the house was for marijuana."
- "*Pour fumer? Quoi d'autre?*" ; "To smoke? What else?"
- "*Il t'a poignardé, ostie de colon. C'est sérieux ça, non?*" ; "He stabbed you, idiot. Isn't that serious?"
- "Yeah, but... *t'as toujours fait une blague de quelque chose.*" ; "Yeah, but... you always make a joke about something."
- "*Ce n'était pas un joke, là. Il aurait pu faire quelque chose de pire. J'étais inquiet quand tu m'as appelé.*" ; "That wasn't a joke. He could have done something worse. I was worried when you called me."
- "*C'est dans ma nature.*" ; "It's in my nature."
- "*J'peux pas l'aider.*" ; "I can't help it."
- "*Quoi? Tu veux que je me décrisse?*" ; "What? You want me to fuck off?"

- "Ah, but *t'aimes ma belle face. J'l'sais. Tu ne peux pas me tromper.*" ; "Ah, but you like my beautiful face. I know it. You can't trick me."
- "*T'es prêt à attraper ce clown?*" ; "You ready to catch this clown?"
- "*Tu devrais me rejoindre.*" ; "You should join me."
- "*D'accord.*" ; "Okay."
- "*Allons-y.*" ; "Let's go."
- "*Nous avons des rapports à faire? T'as oublié ton job ou quoi?*" ; "We have reports to do? Did you forget your job or what?"
- "*J'pense qui j'suis une bonne influence.*" ; "I think I'm a good influence."

Notes for the Chapter:

if you need anymore clarifications, don't be afraid to ask !!

hope this helped !! <3

Author's Note:

many of the lines are from the movie, but many are also altered. and made up. some points also follow the plot pretty well but then. y'know. dead children.

i would just like to add that french richie alone is great, but québécois richie is better. thank you for coming to my ted talk.

i also hope you enjoyed! and if you would like a list of translations or something of the sort, please let me know! <3